Eng. Poetry vol 1st

5d.

Flora Triumphans.

WANSTEAD GARDEN.

AN

Heroick POEM

Moſt Humbly Addreſt

TO THE

HONOURABLE

Bar.

Sir Richard Child,

Formoſæ Myrtus Veneri, ſua Laurea Phœbo. Virg.

LONDON,

Printed by *William Redmayne*, and Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*. *Anno Domini* 1712.

21 Januer. 3

Flora Triumphans.

AS WIT ſome Mighty Product to eſſay,
Like th' Old Promethean Imag'ry of Clay,
From bounteous Heav'n its beauteous Moulds t' inſpire,
Wants a kind Spark of Animating Fire;
The Lab'ring BARDS invok'd to ſome Great Theme
The NINE, or their bright GOD's aſſiſting Beam.
A GARDEN is my Song; and *FLORA*, Thou
The Aiding Powr to whom my Muſe ſhall bow.
What bright Original wantſt Thou, to ſhine
Ev'n equal to the whole Immortal NINE:
Yes, ſacred *FLORA*, when thy Works we ſee,
What kind Inſpirer can ſhe call like Thee;
Nature's Rich Bed firſt ſpread by Thee alone,
The whole Creation Glory once thy own.
MAN's Godlike Frame when th' ARCHITECT DIVINE
In his own Image ſtampt, reſolv'd ſhou'd ſhine,
The Nobleſt Labour of his Great Sixth Day,
His new made World giv'n to his Soverain Sway;
What but a GARDEN Bowr of BLISS alone
Supplied at once his Pallace, and his Throne;
Not call'd beneath a Diadem Load to bow:
A lighter Roſey Wreath twin'd the Firſt Royal Brow?

MAN thus enſtall'd the Univerſal LORD,
Yet ſtill too poor midſt Nature's whole vaſt Hoard,
Wanting a Mate of Empire ev'n to crown
The fainter Joys of a wide World his own;
Lo, where the kind Omnipotence, to grant
All that Ambition or Deſires cou'd want,
In his beſt Angel Mould he WOMAN caſt,
Of his Creation Works the Faireſt Laſt.
Such the Bright Morn to Beautie's opening Lights.
And here to celebrate Love's Nuptial Rites,
Oh Honour'd *HYMEN*, to th' Original PAIR,
The GOD the Brideman! When the unborn Fair,
In all her bluſhing Smiles, and Virgin Charms,
Th' Almighty Hand led t' our Great Parent's Arms,
Ta'ne from his Side t' his Side reſtor'd again;
('Twas only then He bid him truly reign)
How was their Bridal Feaſt prepar'd! Inſtead
Of Beds of State for that repoſing Head,
Love, ſmiling Love, a flowry Carpet ſpread.
Nay for the Muſick Love's crown'd Joys inſpire,
Who, fragrant *EDEN*, but thy Garden Choir,
(No loud-tongu'd Trumpets tuned, nor Lyres yet ſtrung)
Thoſe warbling Throats their Bridal Anthem ſung.
Yes, ye wing'd Choir of the Firſt happy Grove,
Not only tuned to the ſoft Airs of Love,
(No Muſe nor Bard yet born) Yours th' earlieſt Layes
That chanted the Ador'd CREATOR's Praiſe.
Nor, Divine *FLORA*, bounds thy Triumph here;
To view Thee in thy yet ſublimer Sphere,

Sure

Sure the bright Manſions round th' Immortal Throne
Are all but planted Garden Work alone.
When not the Infant World alone beheld
Thy Bowrs of Innocence with Tranſports fill'd,
Man Honour'd Man his whole Felicity
In Thee commenc'd, and ſhall all end in Thee;
A whole Eternity's Conſummate Bliſs,
The Joys of a Celeſtial PARADISE.

With this Great Theme, and this Aſſiſting Powr
Set out, My Muſe, and make thy *WANSTEAD* Tour.
Entring that beauteous Scene, thy Airs t' inſpire,
Long e'er thy uplift Hands can touch thy Lyre,
Or ev'n thy Raptures can have found a Tongue,
Firſt glut thy Wonder, and then tune thy Song.

Where Art and Nature in one Lantſchape joyn,
The Pencil Work muſt ſure be all Divine:
CHILD in His planted Garden built a Shrine.
When, lo, from fair *AUGUSTA*'s diſtant Walls
Thoſe daily Pilgrim Troops his *WANSTEAD* calls.
Behold a Preſs of glittring Chariots waits
With their fair Loads of HONOUR at his Gates.
Nay from the Pallace to the Cott, whole Trains
Down from Proud Quality to humble Swains,
Hither all equal Homagers reſort:
CHILD to his Rural Bowrs ev'n calls a COURT.
Here born no leſs on Love's Triumphant Wings
The Courting *STREPHON* his fair *CELIA* brings.

Whilſt

Whilſt all around He hands the Darling Fair,
And ſhews her all the dazling Proſpect there;
So dazling that the very Nymph he waits
Suſpends her Conqueſts, and her Shafts rebates;
Whilſt thoſe new Objects of Delight he meets
As Rival ev'n the Beauteous Eyes he treats.
Or if the Youth the Nymph to entertain,
His Love more brighten'd from this glittering Scene,
Rapt with new Tranſports to new Fires he burns;
And the kind Nymph an equal Glance returns:
With an Exalted Thought and Uprais'd Eye
Both caught up t' an uncommon Extaſy,
Around the Beatifick Walk they rove
Like a bleſt Pair in the Elyſian GROVE.

Oh, *WANSTEAD*, whilſt thy Garden Charms ſurprize
Each captiv'd Senſe, and all our dazled Eyes:
Beyond the Rovers of thy beauteous Grove,
Look higher up to Triumphs ev'n Above;
Lo, whilſt with ever ſhining Glory crown'd
WIT and LIGHT's Deity takes his Vernal Round,
From thy Rich flowry Range, a View ſo fair,
His animating Beams Divineſt Care,
So caught th' *APOLLO*! From his rowling Throne
Sure the enamour'd God once more looks down,
Warm'd with new Fires thy Laurel Beds ſurveys,
And courts his *DAPHNE* in her very Bays.
'Midſt all this fragrant Field, each Rich Perfume,
The Nobleſt Growth from Nature's tend'reſt Womb,

Sweets

Sweets that the SUN's Paternal Warmth beſtows,
And all around the wanton ZEPHYR blows,
Whilſt Fire, Earth, Air, their mutual Service bring,
To brighten and enrich the *WANSTEAD* Spring;
Yet one more miniſtring Element preſent;
Behold the Garden's Central Monument:
Beneath the riſing Mounds on either Side,
Garniſht ſo gay in all their flowry Pride,
In Arts beſt Model, lo, a floating Bed, *
In Mural Banks inclos'd, ſerenely ſpread,
To walking *STREPHON*'s yet more raviſht Sight,
In a continued Scene of freſh Delight,
The liquid Cryſtal this new Charm ſupplies,
A Watry Glaſs to his bright *CELIA*'s Eyes.
How happy had the fond *NARCISSUS* been
Had he his Face within this Mirrour ſeen;
Amidſt thoſe more attracting Beauties round,
His Weakneſs here its Soverain Cure had found,
Whilſt his own feebler Darts had loſt the Powr to wound.

Here, here, my Muſe, wou'd thy juſt Duty turn
Thy Speculation to ſo Rich an URN,
Thy Airs with thoſe Ideas to refine,
Might poſſibly like the bright Subject ſhine,
Look back and in revolving Thought reherſe
The Glories of th' Orig'nal Univerſe.
When o'er the Head of the World's new made LORD
Wing'd like a Menial Dove his duteous Eagle ſoar'd,

* *The Canal.*

And gentler Lyon, then no Brute of Prey,
Mixt with the grazing Herd, and taught t' obey,
Low at his Feet a couching Vaſſal lay:
Whilſt his fair PARTNER in her Native Charms,
And flowing Treſſes riſing from his Arms,
Her Morning Walk the lovely Wand'rer took,
And ſhew'd her unveild Beauties in the Brook;
Her ſcaley Subjects, flockt in an Amaze,
Did wondring on their Soveraign Mrs. gaze.
So, *CHILD*, thy fair CANAL its Silver Streams
Brighten'd like *CYNTHIA* by SOL's borrow'd Beams,
Does that Divine Oeconomy diſpenſe,
As even renews th' old *EDEN* Innocence.
Here not like the ſcar'd Racers of the Deep
Who from dread Man to Banks or Coverts creep;
Thy watry Herd no ſuch wild Diſtance keep.
Midſt Troops of wandring Beauties every Day
Familiar grown, their wanton Finns they play,
All pleas'd and basking in a View ſo gay.
Nay under yet more ſociable Command,
When poſting to their Daily Feeder's Hand,
All in one Dance of Gratitude addreſt,
They ſport around the Founder of their Feaſt.

To make this Beauteous Urne's ſwell'd Currents riſe,
No common Fund her watry Wealth ſupplies!
Neither from trickling Rills beneath, nor fed
From bounteous Heav'n's ſhowrd Favours on her Head:
Ev'n yet more Potent Aids, her Streams t' extend,
Muſt here th' Auxiliary Succours lend.

Lo,

Lo, on the publick Plain, in th' open Front
Of *WANSTEAD* DOME's fair Gates, a Senior Fount,
Dreſt in more Ruſtick Nature's looſe Array,
In waving Oſier Treſſes, Great not Gay,
So kind to the ſweet Garden Fount below,
Both from one Sourſe their Union Waters flow.
That Parent this fair Nurſery ſuſtains,
All fed from its own Subterranean Veins;
So the fam'd *ALPHEUS* ſteals his hidden Head,
Tho' not thro' ſuch a Coſtly Paſſage led,
To his dear *ARETHUSA*'s watry Bed.

When th' antient Bards, Bards who ſo ſtampt with Fate,
As ev'n their own IMMORTALS to create,
In all their numerous Progeny of Heav'n,
The Sea-born Veins to LOVE's fair GODDESS given,
So warm a Deity t' adorn their Skies
From watry Elements reſolv'd ſhou'd riſe:
Had the Young World in Nature's whole wide Round
A *WANSTEAD* Fount for her Great Origin found,
That Choice had made ev'n fabulous Glory ſhine:
This were a Genial Bed fit for a Birth Divine.

Nor muſt one fragrant Scene, that narrow'r Round
Proud *WANSTEAD*, thy Plantation Glories bound.
The well pleas'd Rangers of thy Walks upled
To th' Iron Gates that fence this Flowry Bed,
Gates, whoſe Magnificence might ev'n unfold
To the contending GODDESSES of old,
The Three fam'd Rivals for the Ball of GOLD:

Their

Their poorer *IDA* furniſht not thy Feaſts,
Tho' for Reception of Celeſtial Gueſts;
Here in a vaſter Garden * Vale beneath,
Lo where new Beauties ſmile, new Odours breathe.
Nor *FLORA*, only here her State maintains:
The fair *POMONA* too her Soverain Partner reigns.
View here thoſe taller Verdant Heads aſpire,
A kinder Covert to the whole wing'd Choir:
Here the ſoft *PHILOMEL* her Airs might cheer;
Her Song's ſad Subject all forgotten here.
Charm'd with the Sweets which thy Rich Bed adorn,
Her waking Muſick keep without her Thorn.

Here to new watry Scenes, new Cryſtal Beds,
Still with Delight our ſpreading Proſpect leads;
Where the more numerous Rangers of the Deep
Their larger Courts in wider Verges keep.

From humbler Founts, My Muſe, now raiſe thy Eyes
And ſee two towring Garden || Mounts upriſe,
Theſe Twin *PARNASSUS* Piles, with a fair Grove,
The Verdant Creſt to their deckt Fronts above,
With all that artful ſpiral Circle round
No leſs with Beauteous Arborage all crown'd:
Here *WANSTEAD*'s Honour'd LORD, all pleas'd ſhall ride
In his Triumphant Chariot's wanton Pride;
Drive his hot Steeds, like th' old Olympick Round,
Nor ſtop, till o'er the upmoſt Height they bound.

Nor here the Garden Artiſt only ſhines;
Behold th' Ingenious Statuary joyns

* *The lower Garden.* || *Two Mounts now raiſing*

No

No leſs his Maſter-Labours to compleat
The Sweet Delights of ſuch a bliſsful Seat.
Look from the Founder's own proud Birds of JOVE
On their Triumphant Columns percht above,
Down to the Urns of Gold; then up aloof
To the new Riſing Turret's Gawdy Roof,
To *FLORA*, *CERES*, all the Guardian Powrs,
Th' Auguſt Penates of theſe Darling Bowrs.
From thoſe exalted Heads look down again
To th' humbler ſporting Satyrs of the Plain:
Lo, *PAN* himſelf, lo, where amaz'd he ſtands
With an erected Eye and uplift Hands,
As if tranſported ev'n beyond the Charms
Of his own darling SYRINX in his Arms.
All Eyes to an uncommon Wonder rais'd,
Ev'n the Inanimate Sratues here ſeem pleas'd:
So gay a Smile, and chearful Aſpect wear;
Their very Marble ſure forgets to drop a Tear.
Thus far, My Muſe, thou only doſt eſſay
The beauteous Blazon of a Field ſo gay,
In the fair Spring, or Summer's Rich Array.
Turn now to a more melancholy Tide,
When all that Gorgeous Mantling layd aſide,
Her Plumes all rifled; ſay, when *SOL*'s bright Head,
Too long a Sleeper in his *THETIS* Bed,
Wakes t' our ſhort Day, his Carre of Glory driven,
Thro' a more low Meridian Tour of Heav'n;
Till his rebated Beams too feeble Fires
All their whole animating Warmth retires;

Whilſt the keen Forces of the ſtormy North
All bluſtring from their Winter Camp pour forth;
So keen, that nought but hidden Roots below
And naked Trunks above ſtand the dread Foe,
(Only the Myrtle and the Bays are ſeen
WIT and LOVE's ſacred Plants for ever green)
When, oh, too deep beneath her Icy Bed
Ev'n drooping Nature ſhrinks her ſhuddring Head:
FLORA's gay Pride now ſtript, lo, to prepare
A ſafe Protection for her neareſt Care,
Her foreign Favourites (no Britiſh Race)
That fair Adoption, which her Garden grace;
Orig'nals from a warmer Southern Smile
Too hardly naturaliz'd to our bleak Soyl,
A ſtately * PILE overlooks the Cryſtal Fount;
Views in that watry Glaſs its Towry Front:
Not all for proud Magnficence; no leſs
A Sanctuary to releiv'd Diſtreſs:

Hither the kind retiring *FLORA* calls
Her verdant Nurs'ry to thoſe Fortreſs Walls.
No hoſtile Blaſt attacques that Guardian Roof;
But ev'n the whole dar'd *BOREAS* flyes aloof.
This Hoſpitable DOME, t' her verdant Gueſts,
Behold her lofty Pinnacles proud Creſts
A Golden Range of flaming PHENIX Neſts:
That Oriental wondrous Bird that frames
Her own laſt Bed all of Prolifick Flames;

* *The Green Houſe.*

Who

Who in that coſtly Spicey Pile ſhe makes
Her Reſurrection from her Pregnant Aſhes takes.
O'er this illuſtrious Dome t' our dazled Eyes
No Nobler Hieroglyphick e'er coud riſe:
That Dome where, all beneath, a Winter Urn
With gentler Flames light up to warm not burn;
All one fair Charity Pile, a cheriſhing Stove
To her whole Darling Nurſery above,
Thus to her Reſurrection Work aſpires
By Tutelary, not deſtroying Fires.

Lo, when all pleas'd, at the awaken'd Spring's
Reviving Call, her open Gates ſhe flings,
See from thoſe Walls her fair Battalion pour
To their reviſited dear Sun once more.
See here the Orange, there the Lime: Behold
The budding there, here the ripe Pomes of Gold,
With all their Alien Mates in their freſh Blooms,
Thoſe in their Verdant, theſe Embroider'd Plumes;
Not his own Eaſtern Fav'rite's whole Diſplay
Of all her new-ris'n Beauties deckt more gay.

From this proud Roof our equal Wonder led
To a fair Summer Dome's no leſs tall Head.
Here th' Happy PAIR with all the ſmiling Charms
Of LOVE's fair Pledges hanging round their Arms,
Point the ſweet Prattlers to the Neighb'ring Lawns,
To *EPPING*'s wandring Swains, and tripping Fawns;
From this more Ruſtick Proſpect turn'd t' a new
Sublimer Scene, *AUGUSTA*'s diſtant View,

From

From her tall Towrs with Soveraign Grandeur crown'd
Here the kind SIRE to his Young PUPILS round,
A Nobler Theme for their Young Ears to find,
Points where their Great ORIGINAL once ſhin'd,
A HEAD, tho' now long call'd in Duſt to lye,
Rich with a Race of HONOUR, QUALITY;
Nay branching CORONETS, thoſe proud Remains,
The bright Deſcendants from his Honour'd VEINS.
This pleaſing Tale of Glory to attend
A gentle Ear the pretty Liſtners lend,
All ſmiling at th' amazing Lecture read
On the Great Living, and the Greater Dead.

Turn next, my Muſe, t' a Cell of Rarities,
Exotick Forms to gazing Britiſh Eyes.
All thoſe far wander'd Travellers brought o'er
For *ALBION* Inmates from that Indian Shore,
Where Nature gives Mankind a Stamp more baſe;
Not like the generous Europæan Race,
Who with their brandiſht Steel meet their fac'd Foe
Or with their opener Thunder give the Blow:
But ſtudied in thoſe barb'rous Arts of Death
To kill even with a Taſte, a Touch, or Breath.
Theſe Viſitants of our ſerener Iſle
Though in that lovely Bloom, that verdant Smile,
Too deeply tinctured from their Native Soyl,
All ſweating with their dewy Aconite
Forbid the Touch, and only court the Sight.
Not ſufferd midſt the planted Britiſh Beds
Of balmy Sweets to raiſe their baleful Heads,

Kept

Kept like Cag'd Savages are only ſeen
In their ſafe Covert through their Glaſſy Skreen.
As thus My Muſe has rang'd thy flowry Coaſt,
Proud *WANSTEAD*, in thy Maze of Wonders loſt,
Thine the fair SISTER's true Caſtalian Plain,
So far thy Groves, thy Founts inſpiring Scene,
Beyond their poorer boaſted *HIPPOCRENE*;
Thus through thy Travell'd Field of GLORIES led,
Her Eyes, her Ears, and every Senſe ſo fed;
Bid her in her retiring Walk turn now
Tho' t' a leſs Beauteous, a more aweful View:
Yes, turn to that now venerable PILE, *
So grac'd of old by MAJESTIE's warm Smile.
View here an Antique Portico of State,
Where once the Great Retir'd *ELIZA* ſate.
Here happily in ſome ſweet Vernal Morn,
When Day's bright GOD ſet out his World t' adorn,
The Honour'd *LEIC'STER* ſaw the fair CROWN'D HEAD
Alas, not t' half this dazling Proſpect led.
Whether the humbler Genius of that Age
With leſs aſpiring WORTHIES graced her Stage;
Or that leſs cultivated ART's weak Sloth
Had not then reacht her now maturer Growth;
Leſs coſtly Roofs and homelier Bowrs in view,
More Ruſtick Plans for their Foundations drew;
ELIZA here on poorer Beauties ſmil'd.
Her *LEIC'STER* built not like our *ANNE*'s more Glorious
CHILD.

* Wanſtead *Houſe built in the Reign of Queen* Elizabeth *by the then Earl of* Leiceſter.

Now, *CHILD*, the Tribute of the Muſes paid;
Thy GARDEN in this Miniature diſplaid;
To this Rich Feaſt of Sweets a Debt ſo due,
The FOUNDER's no leſs fragrant GLORY too
T' a yet Diviner MERIT to uplift,
As Heav'n ſo gave, how'ſt Thou return'd the Gift?
Let Miſers in cloſe Heaps their Curſe poſſeſs:
Tis circulating GOLD can only bleſs.
In Works like theſe the CHRISTIAN WORTHY ſhines.
The Lab'rers here dig their own Silver Mines.
That Grateful Muſick, ſuch th' Harmonious Air,
Of the bent Knee, the Bleſſing, and the Pray'r;
What *IO PÆANS* can ſuch GOODNESS want
From th' Hundreds of fed Mouths thy FAME muſt chant?
Nor wonder, *CHILD*, that ſuch thy GLORY reigns:
Thou ow'ſt this Inborn VIRTUE to thy VEINS.
To thy Great SIRE the unindu ſtrious Drone,
No leſs the God's Averſion then his Own,
Vagrance and Idleneſs, Mankind's Diſgrace,
Durſt never ſhew their Heads before that Face.
What Mouths have ev'n his humbler Outworks fed,
Hunger and Sloth uprowzd to Work and Bread!
Here durſt My Muſe preſume in her weak Layes
One Monumental Canto to upraiſe
To that Great NAME, that Deathleſs PATRIOT's Praiſe,
Bend bend a duteous Knee t' his ſleeping Duſt,
The Honour'd *WANSTEAD*'s ever ſacred Truſt:
And here behold his narrow Marble claim
His RELIQUES, but the wider World his FAME.

Not

'Not Proud *AUGUSTA*'s *GRESHAM* rais'd ſo high,
Intitled to his IMMORTALITY.
What tho' thy Lyre's t' a ſmiling *FLORA* ſtrung,
Think that Great NAME no Alien to thy Song.
PLANTATION Works no leſs His Labours too,
Only a more extended Field in View,
T' his harder Cultivation Task aſſign'd,
Such was the *FLORIST* Great *JOSIAH* ſhin'd.

When the Proud *EAGLE* that adorns his Creſt,
Reſolv'd to build her Eaſtern Cedar Neſt,
Such fragrant Beds his PLANS of GLORY laid,
Ev'n in Remoteſt Worlds an *ALBION* GARDEN ſpread.
Yes, that fair Spot of Earth remov'd as far
As the Upriſing of her Morning Star,
To our Forefathers leſs Induſtrious Toyl
A Barren and Unprofitable Soil,
Like th' old rough Iſraelitiſh Paſſage lay,
Till *CHILD* the Britiſh *JOSHUA* ſmooth'd the Way;
So Rich a Prize t' his Country to beſtow
Not found but made the Milky *CANAAN* flow:
T' enlarge his Darling *ALBION*'s Soveraign Throne,
Joyn'd that new Canton of the Globe her own.

FINIS.